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SCOTTICISMS AND SOLECISMS.

'The plague was in London, but they wanted it in Edinburgh,' says the Caledonian, little reflecting on what he is attributing to the people of the latter city. If told of the solecism he had committed, he would probably confess that he *thought shame* of himself, which would only be going wrong in another direction. Tell him so—he adds, 'Surely not; but I will inquire at my friend Diphthong the teacher.'

'Wrong again: say, inquire of. You have the example, however, of the Waverley novels before you: your countryman, Scott, always asked a question at a man. But tell me how you are to-day?'

'Oh, very bad, sir; very bad. I have got a dreadfully sore head.'

'I am sorry to hear you confess your wickedness, but I pity the unpleasant condition of your head. What was it owing to?'

'Oh, at dinner yesterday I took a *few soup*, and they always disagree with me, particularly of late.'

'Well, say, a little soup, and that soup has disagreed with you lately.'

'I'll try to remember; but so told a scholar as me is ill to learn.'

'So old an instructor as I, however, do not find any difficulty in teaching. I would fain have you corrected out of those errors you are so liable to fall into.'

'You are very discreet. Will I have a lesson from you to-day?'

'With all my heart.'

'Well, don't sit any longer on the door, but come into the fire, and let us proceed.'

'As a beginning, then, please to know that I might be kind or civil in offering my instructions, but not discreet. You ought to have asked me, "Shall I have a lesson?" And you should have told me to sit no longer near the door, but to come towards the fire.'

'Oh dear, how many errors! I don't think I can mind them all.'

'Remember, my dear sir, if you please.'

'Well, remember. We Scotchmen are certainly greatly a-wanting in the English language.'

'Say wanting now; and your acknowledgment is a graceful one.'

'I am always very much put about, when in London, feeling the liability to speak incorrectly.'

'For put about, *incommoded*. A Scotchman is not a ship.'

'Well, I'll take tent for the future.'

'What is that you'll take?'

'Oh, I mean I'll pay attention. Thereby hangs a tale. A Scotch physician of langsyne was visiting an old lady, whom he was obliged to put under some very strict regulations as to regimen. "Now, tak tent," he

several times repeated as he was leaving her; meaning, "Pay attention to my rules." When he came back, a week or two after, he found the old lady almost gone, from a too liberal use of tent wine.*

'The more need, then, for all of you to *tak tent* not to use so dubious a phrase again.'

'Oh yes, we *behave* to be careful.'

'What is that you say?'

'Oh, it behoves us to be careful.'

'Ay, it behoves you; but you do not behave, seeing, my dear sir, that behave is an impersonal verb. However, I must leave you, for I see it is twelve o'clock.'

'Oh, don't be in a hurry. The clock is before: it is only half twelve as yet.'

'More errors still. But even though the clock be forward, and it is only half-past eleven, I must go, having already rather exceeded my time. So good-morning.'

Let us imagine another conversation, the persons different, but their respective countries the same.

'How do you do, Tomkins? Glad to see you north of the Tweed at last.'

'Thank you, my dear friend.'

'What have been your movements?'

'We left on Friday last, and came here partly by rail and partly by coach.'

'But what did you leave?'

'Oh, why—what—ah, you're always so funny. We left London to be sure. We arrived in this *here* place last night.'

'Well, I never heard of Edinburgh being a *here* place before. What kind of journey had you?'

'All very well, but that the weather was too cold, and the man as drove the coach was rather uncivil. However, our fellow-passengers were *such nice* people. We got along with them extremely well.'

'Ah, I'm glad you got along with them. It would have been a great bore to be left with them at any place by the way!'

'Oh, you Scotchmen don't understand English; but I've no fault to you on that account. You can't help it.'

'Of course not. But where do you intend to go? The season is too far advanced, I fear, to allow of your visiting the Highlands.'

'Why, I was not a-going to. Besides, my *mistress* has been. I've half a mind, however, to go to Glasgow and the Falls of the Clyde. The Falls are *ever so fine*, I believe. By the way, *them* houses are mighty tall.'

'Yes, eight or ten storeys. We have many others almost as lofty.'

* Sir John Sinclair, in his *Observations on the Scottish Dialect*, published in 1792, says very naively respecting *Tak tent*, 'As that species of wine is far from being a specific in every disorder, this is a phrase which, by the faculty at least, ought to be carefully avoided.'

'By the way, I see you have as many drunken people in the streets as ever. Here comes one very fresh indeed.'

'It is odd you should call a drunken man fresh. In Scotland, a man is said to be fresh when he is sober, as distinguished from being drunk. But both applications of the word are wrong.'

'Well, so I've been told by my friend Johnson in London.'

'Oh, how is Johnson, and what is he engaged in now?' 'Why, the last time I met him he was very well. He told me he is now on the Morning Chronicle.'

'On the Chronicle! Well, the Chronicle has a good load of him, seeing he is not under fifteen stone.'

'Oh, he's a great deal fatter now. Indeed he is so stout, that he is become quite weak in the legs. Calling on me lately, he laid down on my sofa the moment he came in. "Johnson," said I, "I'm sorry to see you lay there. I fear that beer and the debate have been too severe upon you lately?" At which he fell a-laughing. Ah, he is a real good fellow is Johnson.'

'I hope he prospers in his calling?' 'Oh, getting on famously. Hard worked, I daresay; but he lays his account with it. The last thing I heard of him was, that his wife's brother, a dreadfully rich fellow, had taken his son Alfred to do for him.'

'And so forth. Now for a third conversation, with similar interlocutors, but both well-educated men.'

'Your countrymen in Scotland are making great advances in the acquirement of correct English; but the Scotchisms still cling to you. Never do the very best of you entirely overcome the tendency to that kind of error.'

'Why, I'm not quite sure that you English are just to us in this respect. We are addicted to the use of many wrong phrases and forms of speech no doubt, but so are the provincial English—nay, even Londoners of the middle class; and it seems too bad to single out the Scotch for remark. I assure you we observe in the English—excepting only the most highly-educated class—a vast number of improprieties which do not beset our countrymen.'

'That may be; but I do not think there is any reproach meant. It only happens that you do commit many solecisms, and that an apt term for them has arisen.'

'I am quite sure that the English people are too good-natured to mean any offence. It would, therefore, be absurd to take any. But let us see now. There is a considerable number of so-called Scotchisms, about which, I think, some little doubt may be entertained, or which are represented by English phrases that appear to me no better.'

'Give me some examples if you please.'

'I shall, very willingly. A Scotchman, you are aware, speaks of having a watch *on* him, while an Englishman says *about* him. Now, it appears to me that a watch may more justly be said to be *on* a man, than *about* him. A Scotchman meets a friend on the street, at which the Englishman exclaims, "For Heaven's sake, say in the street!" But I more than suspect that *on* is the better phrase, seeing that the street is primitively the way or road; the Roman roads through England were all streets, though there was not a house upon them.'

'At least your second case is plausible.'

'But I have more cases. "Out of his judgment," says the Scotchman respecting an insane person. "Out of his senses," cries the Englishman, by way of correction. Now, I say that an insane man may more justly be described as out of his judgment than out of his senses. His senses, indeed, have nothing to do with the matter, except in being more or less affected, as it may happen, by the failure of the understanding.'

'I can't pretend to resist your reasoning on this point.'

'Again, a Scotchman is challenged for saying, "I'll cause my friend to join me in this undertaking." The Englishman tells him he ought to say *make*, instead of

cause. But *cause* is in this case a much clearer and more correct phrase than *make*. The Scotch have a phrase of their own, which is better still: they say, "I'll *gar* my friend;" but as this is not in court, I'll say no more about it. So also we see "To follow out a train of reasoning," adduced as a Scotchism in the grammatical books, while it is impossible for me to find the least objection to it, or to discover the superiority of the equivalent English phrase, "To trace out," &c. In bread and milk, and bread and butter, there may be some slight advantage over the contrary collocation, in which the Scotch indulge; but what preference there is in the vinegar and pepper, for pepper and vinegar, or pen, ink, and paper, for paper, pen, and ink, I cannot perceive or imagine. Neither can I see any advantage in sugar-basin over sugar-bowl: indeed the utensil is generally much more like a bowl than a basin, and certainly our associations regarding bowls are more pleasant than those regarding basins. The head of the table, the foot of the table, I grant, are inappropriate phrases for what they are applied to; but can it be said that the English phrases, top of the table, bottom of the table, are more suitable?'

'Oh, but custom is everything in these cases. We constantly say, top of the table; sugar-basin; pen, ink, and paper; and so forth; and therefore any departure from these rules appears awkward.'

'Yes, but the question is, whose customs are to be observed? You do not consider the Frenchman guilty of a solecism because he speaks of surveying a man from foot to head—why, then, a Scotchman for similar peculiarities?'

'Well, if you are content to be aliens in language, I suppose you may be excused.'

'Thank you. I see the joke. But I am not done yet. There are some of these reprobated phrases which seem to me rather to be rejoiced in than otherwise. For instance, a Scotchman uses *enow* as an adjective for enough. "There are enow of potatoes to serve us all." This, I humbly submit, is a positive gain in language, seeing that it gives us the special word for the special idea. So also it is well for the Scotchman to have *swatch* for a pattern or sample, as applied to cloth, both pattern and sample being in use to express other ideas. The *airt* of the wind, for the *direction* of the wind, seems greatly preferable; both because it is a peculiar word, and because it refers to the point from which the wind comes. So also to *airt* a business, to be *airt* in it—that is, to guide a business, or have a share in directing it—seem good and eligible phrases. Allow me here to quote an anonymous writer of the last century. "We are taught on no account to make use of the word *byre*, to denote a house appropriated to the keeping of cows. In its stead we are taught to say *cow-house*, or *stable*, whichever we please. But if I use the word *stable*, I force a word which has a precise and appropriate meaning—namely, a house for keeping horses—to express another meaning, which tends only to occasion ambiguity and mistake; and if I use *cow-house*, it is certainly a degradation of the language, tending to impoverish it. By the same rule we ought to banish from the language the appropriate phrases, *stable*, *kennel*, *sty*, *granary*, *scullery*, *laundry*, and in their place say, *horse-house*, *dog-house*, *hog-house*, *grain-house*, *dish-washing-house*, *clothes-dressing-house*; and so on."

'I cannot deny that there is much force in all this; but surely I need not tell you that it is in vain to interfere with fashion in these matters?'

'Yes, but I will interfere with fashion; at least I will show you where I think fashion is wrong. I think her so in more respects than in the rejection of valuable words. Sometimes she makes gross corruptions in words which the so-called vulgar continue to use correctly. For example, we have now *nettle-rash* for the *nettle-rush*; the *scarf-skin* for the *scurf-skin*: changes utterly indefensible. The *epidermis* is entitled to the denomination of *scurf-skin*, from its being the deposi-

tory of those minute scales which we recognise as scurf. Scurf, signifying a loose vestment, can obviously have no concern in the case. The disease of rush is liable to that term, by reason of its being a thing that rushes out. The word rash, in such a case, is mere nonsense. There are many such corruptions; and I can imagine no class more worthy of reprobation, seeing that they take their rise with those who, from their superior education, might be expected to be the guardians of the language.

So let the debate end. After all, language must ever be full of anomalies. Taking its rise during the ignorance of a people, it must necessarily involve many improprieties, too deeply woven into the texture to be separated. By and by, literature comes to steady and preserve it. Yet, even after that, a natural tendency to new phrases is perpetually seen at work amongst almost all classes: right or wrong, they force their way into recognition. Grammarians, being for the most part only finical about their little rules, fail in general to apprehend the natural forces which give birth to the expressions which they condemn as uncouth and wrong. Almost all those expressions could be shown to take form from some laws or plans of thought to which our minds are subject. So also do they treat such peculiarities as those called Scotticisms on too narrow a basis; not only failing to see the laws of thought at the bottom of them, but entirely overlooking the fact, that the people of the various Anglo-Saxon provinces, having come from different portions of the cradle-country in Teutland, differences in their forms of speech may rather be mere diversities, than things standing in the relation of a standard and a departure from it.

THE CONTRABANDISTA.

A MEXICAN TALE.

In the course of my travels along the western coast of Mexico, I found myself in the old city of Hermosillo, formerly capital of the province, which contains at the present time about seven thousand inhabitants. It is built on a plateau, sloping on one side to the ocean, and on the other terminating abruptly in the rocky cliffs bounding the Gulf of California, fifteen leagues distant. The navigation of the latter is difficult, in consequence of the rocks and reefs, which seem to forbid approach to the shore; from which circumstance it is a favourite resort of the smugglers or *contrabandistas*, as they are called in the country, who, while the 'duty-paid' merchandise is finding its way to Hermosillo in one direction, introduce their own illegal commodities on the other; a species of traffic which, notwithstanding the rigorous laws against it, finds friends in every part of the Mexican territory. Smuggling, in fact, is not confined, as in Europe, to a few bold adventurers, but, in proportion to the abundance or deficiency of funds in the public treasury, is shared in by all the officials of the government, from the highest to the lowest, as a means of compensation for uncertain pay.

Among the letters of introduction which I had brought with me to Hermosillo, was one addressed, '*Al Senor Don Cayetano*;' and after completing my most pressing business affairs, I inquired of my landlord, a Chinese, if he could give me any information respecting the *senor*. 'I know him,' was the answer, 'only to buy caymans' eggs and sharks' fins of him, things which I greatly relish; and which you shall taste some day, if *Senor Don Cayetano* should take it into his head to take a turn upon the lagoons, or a little cruise at sea. But if you wish, *Senor Cavalier*, I will undertake to convey the letter to him.'

I accepted the offer, at the same time asking—'And this is all you know about him?'

'All,' replied the Chinese, 'except a peculiarity that is talked about, but of which I am not certain, as I have been here only six months. It is said, however, that *Don Cayetano* cannot bear the sound from the

Cerro de la Campana with tranquillity: the noise exasperates him; and when he is exasperated, he is—he is very impetuous. That is all I know, *Senor Cavalier*.'

Some days after this conversation, I walked to the top of the Cerro, a hill overlooking the town, and the only natural curiosity in the neighbourhood. The summit is crowned by several enormous blocks of stone, which, when struck, emit a clear metallic sound, that may be heard at a considerable distance, according to the wind. Having amused myself for some time by looking at the view, and awakening a few of the slumbering echoes, I descended slowly, as the sun disappeared, to the town, which, in the coolness of the evening, began to rouse from the lethargy produced by the heat of the day. Rockets rose in various quarters, describing their luminous curve in the air; fires of resinous wood, burning on iron tripods, shone brightly through the deepening twilight; while the cries of the venders of tamarind and rose-water, the clack of castanets, and the twang of guitars, mingling with the buzz of voices, formed a striking contrast to the previous quietness.

On entering the town by a narrow street, my attention was attracted by the chink of silver coin as I passed a small low house, probably one of the numerous gaming establishments so common in the South American states. Seeing through the window a group of men round an oval table, I entered. No one seemed to remark my entrance, so deeply were they interested in the casting of the dice. Among the players and spectators were to be seen representatives of every class of Mexican society; the greater part, however, wearing garments of coarse calico, which left their breasts and arms bare, showing the long and serpentine scars of the wounds received in their frequent duels, fought with knives, and whose countenances, seen beneath their thick and tangled hair, were enough to make an honest man shudder. After looking round for a few moments, an exclamation from one of the two players at the table, in whose hands the game appeared to be left, attracted my notice. The speaker was a tall and powerful man, cast in the mould of an athlete; his features were tolerably regular, but disfigured by an ugly scar down one side of his face from the forehead to the chin. With a malediction on the unknown individual who had been ringing the stones on the top of the Cerro as the cause of his loss, he seized his opponent's purse, and walked coolly from the room. In the second player I recognised a senator whom I had met elsewhere. He seemed somewhat disconcerted on seeing me; and coming hastily forward, endeavoured to account for being found in such company, by telling me that they were his constituents. With a glance at the group of villainous-looking countenances, I congratulated him on the respectability of his electors; and inquiring the name of the individual who had departed so unceremoniously, heard, much to my surprise, that it was no other than *Don Cayetano*. Before we separated, *Don Urbano*—that was the senator's name—made me promise to accompany him and some friends to witness an Indian festival, to be celebrated the next day at some miles' distance in the forest.

The following morning, at sunrise, we mounted our horses, and with *Cayetano* as guide, we rode for some distance across the low marshy ground towards the coast. Numerous lagoons here penetrate far into the land, some smooth and clear as crystal, others hidden beneath the forests of tall reeds, with which the whole region is overgrown, affording a hiding-place to the crafty jaguar and ferocious alligator. Swarms of screaming birds disturb the gloomy silence, mingled with the bellowing of alligators, and the loud sharp clapping, as they beat their tremendous jaws together in defiance. We were riding along a natural causeway, formed by the action of the waves, when *Cayetano*, who was some distance in advance, suddenly galloped at full speed down the slope towards the lagoons. 'By *St Jago*, *Senor Senator*,' said I, 'what is he going to do?'

Don Urbano cast a rapid glance in the direction to which the horseman was hastening, and replied, 'Look yonder; do you see that little field of reeds, not far from the last lagoon? The reeds are shaking, and unless I mistake, not with the wind, but with the movements of some skulking alligator; and as Cayetano has not yet recovered from his nervous excitement, he is probably going in chase.'

The course pursued by the rider, however, appeared to contradict this assertion. Instead of making directly for the reeds, he was moving from them at an angle; but turning all at once to the left, he galloped straight to the spot indicated by the senator. His shout of defiance was answered by an angry growl, as an enormous cayman broke from the covert, and made for the lagoon with all the speed possible under its unwieldy bulk. The black and scaly back of the reptile was almost entirely covered with mud and weeds. In Cayetano's haste to cut off the fugitive's flight to the lagoon, he brought his horse within a dozen paces of the cayman: the animal reared in terror, and tried to turn aside, but a stroke of the spur kept him steady; and at the moment, the lasso, which Cayetano threw with a true aim, encircled the monster's head. The cayman opened its enormous jaws, which appeared armed rather with stakes than teeth, and gave a frightful roar, that made our horses tremble in dismay; but continuing its flight, its mouth was suddenly closed, and held fast by the running noose. For a moment the reptile hesitated whether to turn upon its enemy or push on for the water; urged probably by fear, it chose the latter course; but Cayetano had secured the end of the lasso to the elevated pommel of his saddle by a threefold knot, and the strength of the horse was a countercheck to that of the cayman. For several minutes the two animals pulled with all their strength in opposite directions; the alligator buried its claws furiously in the soft soil, which the horse's hoofs in turn ploughed into deep furrows. There was a brief interval of silence, during which nothing was heard but the clink of the spurs as they dug into the flanks of the panting horse, and the rattling of the cayman's scaly tail as it thrashed the reeds. Twice the horse was raised on his hind-legs by a prodigious strain, and twice the cayman, bent like a bow, showed its belly, changed from white to purple by terror and rage. At last a pull more desperate than the former brought the horse again on his heels, and the noble animal was still falling over on his rider when the girth suddenly snapped. Don Urbano grew pale at the sight of the risk incurred by his most influential elector, while I uttered a cry of alarm; but with the quickness of thought, no sooner did the saddle give way, than Cayetano, seizing the horse's mane, balanced the whole weight of his body on his arms alone, with the address of a circus rider, and an instant after was safely seated on the bare back of the animal.

'Bravo! my brave fellow,' shouted the senator, throwing his cap into the air.

The alligator turned heavily, and disengaging its jaws from the loop, prepared to rush upon its enemy; but with a few leaps the horse carried his master out of danger, and the monster, bellowing with savage delight as the air again entered its lungs, plunged into the water, and disappeared. Cayetano shook his clenched fist over the lagoon, then dismounting composedly, he made a shift to repair the broken girth, and rejoined our party.

'Caramba!' exclaimed the senator; 'what could you be thinking of?'

'I was exasperated,' answered Cayetano. Don Urbano seemed to be contented with this peremptory reply, and we resumed our route. I was, however, so struck by the extraordinary daring of our guide, as to feel desirous of knowing something more of him; and a week or two after the occurrence here recorded, I rode over to his cabin, about five leagues from the city, built in a pleasant situation near a lake, under the shelter of palm and tamarind trees. Reining up my

horse at the half-open door, I announced my arrival in the customary phrase, 'Ave Maria purissima!' 'Sin pecado concibida,' answered a voice, which I recognised as Cayetano's. I alighted, and entered the cabin; the occupant was preparing his morning meal of wheaten cakes and small lumps of meat, cooked together on the embers of a wood fire burning in one corner. 'Ah! 'tis you, Senor Cavalier,' he said, without ceasing his occupation: 'welcome to my poor cabin. You find me busy with my breakfast; will you grant me the honour to do penance with me?' Declining to partake of the offered hospitality, I seated myself, while Cayetano ate his repast alone. The apartment was bare of furniture, but the walls were hung with nets, harpoons, and other utensils employed in pearl-diving and turtle-catching. Among these, however, a singular-looking garment attracted my attention: it was a kind of gaberдинe, or rather a jacket with leathern suspenders, in which three enormous pockets were contrived at equal distances apart. Apologising to the owner for my curiosity, I inquired the use of the mysterious object. 'That?' said Cayetano; 'I'll tell you. Formerly we could put off to a ship with our silver ingots at any day or any hour: the custom-house officers even helped us, in spite of the laws prohibiting the exportation; but now the fellows are more severe, and we are obliged to do without them. For this I use my jacket. With an ingot in each pocket, and my cloak over my shoulders, I can get into my canoe in the teeth of the officers, without appearing inconvenienced by a weight which would bend a weaker man double. In this way ten trips suffice for the embarkation of 30,000 piastres, without my being obliged to share profits with any one. It is an increase of fortune for which I am indebted to Don Urbano's labours in congress.'

So the renowned Don Cayetano, to whom I had borne letters of recommendation, was no other than a smuggler or contrabandista! I was about to ask for an explanation of Don Urbano's congressional labours, when the trampling of horses' feet was heard outside, and a minute later two men entered. One, named Calzado, I had frequently met at the city; the other was a stranger. At the sight of the latter, Cayetano was seized with the same nervous tremor that I had noticed at the gaming-house; but immediately recovering himself, waited for the new-comers to open their business.

Calzado explained that a schooner, in which he wished to embark some silver, was at anchor off the island of Tiburon; and fearing that an information had been laid, he came to seek the contrabandista's assistance. The countenance of the latter brightened at the news; he took down his smuggling jacket and a harpoon from the wall, and went to saddle his horse. Calzado invited me to join the party, assuring me that I incurred no risk, and might be of great use to him. I had heard too much of smuggling exploits in this region not to close with the offer. We started immediately, the stranger leading a heavily-laden mule by the bridle. After riding some hours, we arrived on the cliffs overlooking the channel between Tiburon and the mainland. The cap of a mast was just visible over the tops of some trees on the island; and Cayetano, observing that no time was to be lost, with the assistance of the stranger, whom he addressed as Pepe, began to unload the mule. An ingot of silver, weighing about seventy pounds, was transferred to one of the pockets of his jacket; in the two others he placed a number of little skin bags containing gold-dust; and apparently at his ease under the heavy and precious burden, scrambled with Pepe down the steep face of the cliff to a hollow in the rocks, where a flat-bottomed canoe lay concealed. As they left the shore, I could not help admiring the dexterity with which Cayetano steered the frail vessel among the rocks and reefs which render the navigation of the channel, here about a league in width, a service of peculiar danger. Calzado was in a state of almost painful excitement. As we sat together on the top of the cliff, I inquired if he was not afraid to intrust property of so

much value to individuals of so desperate a character as the contrabandistas; to which he answered, that by one of the singular contradictions frequently observed in human nature, these men, ready to take human life on the slightest affront, would yet shrink from appropriating the property of others; 'besides,' he added, 'I know Cayetano, and the fanaticism with which he defends what he calls the honour of his name.' I expressed a desire to hear the story, which he related briefly as follows. About a year previously, the contrabandista had married a woman whom he passionately loved; but she proved faithless. The house in which they lived was not far from the Cerro, on the top of which a confederate was stationed to give notice of Cayetano's return from his expeditions, by striking on the stones, with whose singular properties you are acquainted. The confederate, after a time, proved false to his employers, and communicated the facts to the deceived husband; and a few nights afterwards the stones again rang, but with so dismal a sound, and accompanied by so fearful a yell, that all who heard it shuddered. A month later Cayetano returned home with the scar on his cheek as you now see it; but the lover of his wife was never seen again; and not long after, Cayetano's house was burned down, and his wife perished in the flames. The contrabandista was tried for the offence; but such is the way in which the law is administered in this country, that he escaped punishment; not, however, without a caution from the judge to avoid reappearing before him under similar circumstances.

'And what became of the confederate,' I asked, 'who caused all this tragedy?'

'He is at this moment in yonder canoe with Cayetano,' replied the Spaniard; 'and from the manner of the latter, I tremble for the result.'

All at once my companion whistled with such piercing shrillness, as to reach the ears of the two men in the canoe. Cayetano paused, and looked round; a boat, well manned, had just doubled the point towards which he was rowing. It was the custom-house boat; and as soon as the contrabandista ascertained its true character, he made a gesture of contempt with his harpoon, and darted off in another direction—one which could only be selected under the most desperate circumstances, as it led directly across the most dangerous part of the reef, where the water foamed and chafed among the sharp rocks as in a gale of wind. In the Spaniard's anxiety for the safety of his ingots, he fell back half senseless upon the grass; I snatched up his telescope, and watched the movements of the canoe through the glare of the setting sun. Cayetano held on his way, the light vessel bounding from wave to wave like a bird. All at once I saw Pepe rise pale and trembling, and then fall on his knees: at a menacing gesture from Cayetano, he sunk lower in the canoe, still raising his hands towards heaven. For a moment the scene was hidden by a sheet of foam, and I imagined that a shriek was heard above the roar of the waters. It passed, however, with the quickness of thought: the canoe rose perpendicularly on the face of a wave, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks: a dark body was hurled to the inside of the reef: I saw Cayetano throw out his arms, and then, the sun sinking below the horizon, the sudden night of the tropics hid the whole scene from my view.

The Spaniard's distress now gave way to rage, and he broke out into the most furious threats against the contrabandista. Notwithstanding the darkness, we remained sitting in the same place, when I fancied I heard a noise a little lower down the cliff, and a minute afterwards a head, dripping with water, appeared above the bank. It was Cayetano, still whistling the *Riego march* as when he set out. My companion drew his knife; but I succeeded in persuading him to listen to the other's explanation.

'Silence!' said the contrabandista: 'your gold is safe.'

'Where?'

'Ah, *caramba!* at the bottom of the sea. But don't

be uneasy; you have only to look on the other side of Point des Ames, where the water is quiet, and there you will find the mark. 'Twas Pepe's fault. Have I ever deceived you?'

Cayetano lit a cigar, and rode off gloomily, notwithstanding his assumed indifference. Just then a boat from the schooner appeared on the beach below us; we hastily embarked, and doubling the Point named by the smuggler, found, after some difficulty, a large piece of cork floating, which I remembered to have seen in his hands. It was attached to a line, which for some time resisted all efforts made to pull it in. At last, by the united strength of the boat's crew, a heavy mass rose to the surface: it was the dead body of Pepe, clothed with the jacket containing the ingots, and pierced through with the harpoon. In eager haste the Spaniard emptied the pockets of their contents, and the corpse was suffered to sink again to the bottom. The fatal treasure was safely placed on board the schooner, after which we returned to the shore.

Cayetano's vengeance was now complete. But all that I had seen and heard made a powerful impression on my mind. The scenery, which in the morning appeared so attractive, now seemed blackened by crime. I was glad to escape from it, and rode back to the city, regretting that so fine a country should be occupied by so lawless a population—offering so striking a contrast to those of the civilised states of Europe.

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON'S OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

SECOND NOTICE.

THE week before last, we followed the trail of Sir George Simpson to the shores of California; and we now set forth in his wake for the Sandwich Islands, in the middle of the North Pacific.

'Whilst we were at dinner,' says Captain King, the friend and companion of Cook, 'in this miserable hut, on the banks of the river Awatska, the guests of a people with whose existence we had before been scarce acquainted, and at the extremity of the habitable globe, a solitary, half-worn pewter spoon, whose shape was familiar to us, attracted our attention; and on examination, we found it stamped on the back with the word *London*. I cannot pass over this circumstance in silence, out of gratitude for the many pleasant thoughts, the anxious hopes, and tender remembrances it excited in us.' 'Tis sixty years since!' and now the new adventurer, in putting a girdle round the earth, meets at the same island with native pilots, who speak English like their mother tongue, in front of a large and flourishing town of nine thousand inhabitants. Twenty years ago, Mr Stuart describes one of the queens as banqueting on a living cuttle-fish, held to her face with both hands, while its snaky arms writhed and twisted round her head. Sir George's supper with Governor Kekuanooa was somewhat different. 'We were received by the governor in his hall of justice, an apartment large enough for the church of a considerable parish, being sixty feet long, thirty broad, and about thirty-five or forty feet high, to the ridge pole of the roof. . . . The chiefs were all handsomely attired in the Windsor uniform, their clothes fitting to a hair's-breadth: so particular, indeed, are the aristocracy in this respect, that they have imported a tailor from England for their own exclusive benefit. Supper being announced, the chiefs, each taking one or two of our party by the arm, conducted us across an open area to another apartment of considerable size, built in the European fashion, and handsomely furnished with tables, buffets, chairs, sofas, &c.; the whole, or nearly the whole, being of native wood and native workmanship. The main table would have done no discredit to a London mansion, covered as it was with glass and plate, and lighted with elegant lamps. The fare was very tempting. It consisted of fruits of all kinds,

sweetmeats, pastry, Chinese preserves, &c. with excellent tea and coffee: the latter, which had been grown in Woahoo by the governor himself, being fully equal to Mocha. Our plates, by the by, had been marked with our names, and we had been told to take our seats accordingly, his excellency sitting at one side among his guests. In fact the whole proceedings blended the most punctilious regard to etiquette with the cordiality of natural politeness, beating, out and out and over again, all that we had seen in California, in every respect, in room, in furniture, in equipage, in viands, in cookery, and in dress. Nor were our native companions themselves so decidedly inferior as civilised vanity might fancy. The chiefs, especially our host, were men of excellent address; and as they spoke English enough to be understood, we soon forgot that we were sipping our coffee in a country which is deemed uncivilised, and among individuals who are classed with savages.

Some of the chiefs have houses built in the European fashion, of wood, stone, &c. occasionally of two storeys, with tinued roofs, balconies, verandas, and *jalousies*; and these are enclosed within small gardens of ornamental plants. The native houses, on the other hand, are so light, that it is common to remove them from place to place. They are made of a framework of bamboos, covered with grass; and having pointed roofs, and no opening but a single door, look like hayricks. 'The houses are commonly separated into sleeping and sitting compartments, by means of curtains hung across from wall to wall; but everything, whether exposed to view or not, whether within the house itself or merely within the surrounding enclosure, is scrupulously clean and neat, presenting in this respect a wonderful contrast with the filth and confusion of most of the native lodges of the continent. At whatever time of the day we dropped into a house, we found no difference in any of these particulars; there was never any unpleasant smell about the premises, all the refuse of fish, vegetables, &c. being regularly carried to a distance.' The furniture consists of straw mats laid upon the earthen floor, and piled upon each other when meant to serve as beds; together with a few gourds or calabashes for dishes.

The dress of the females is now according to the somewhat ascetic taste of the missionaries, consisting of a single garment, like a bathing wrapper; but, by way of a contrast, they retain a coiffure of flowers and leaves, which is described as elegant and becoming. On Sunday, however, they are caricatures of the English and American ladies of the place—flaunting in silks and satins, bonnets and parasols, and, above all, shoes and stockings; while a belle of this distinction is not unfrequently seen arm-in-arm with a gentleman whose entire walking costume consists of a *malo* twelve inches by three. This scantiness of apparel, however, is usually caused by scantiness of cash. When the treasury is replenished, these same gentlemen, 'so long as their cash lasts, lounge and saunter all day in the sunshine, habited in military surtouts, with frogs, &c. all complete, in white trousers, which fit them like their skins, in fashionable boots, in round hats, and in kid gloves of some gay or delicate colour, with their snowy wristbands turned back over their cuffs, the whole dandy being finished off with cane and eye-glass. In process of time these bucks relapse, as a matter of course, through all the stages of worse-for-the-weariness, shabbiness, and dilapidation, down to the *malo*, with perhaps a garland on the head and a *kapa* on the shoulders.

'In form they are commonly handsome, strong, and well limbed; while in height they are in general something above the average standard of Europeans. On the whole, they are, as a race, considerably above mediocrity both in face and in person. The women in particular are decidedly pretty. They have a most lively expression of countenance, and are always smiling and attractive; and their figures may even be admitted to

be beautiful and feminine, seldom inclining when young either to corpulency or to the opposite extreme; limbs and busts well-formed, and hands, feet, and ankles small and delicate; while their gait and carriage, though somewhat peculiar, are yet, on the whole, noble and commanding.' This description, however, applies to the mass of the people, the aristocracy being remarkably tall and corpulent. With the latter, shampooing stands in place of exercise, promoting circulation and digestion without exhaustion or fatigue; and under such treatment they thrive so surprisingly, that they remain in perfect health, even when they have become so unwieldy as to be unable to walk. The people are gentle and harmless, obedient and submissive, faithful and courageous, and singularly industrious.

The Sandwich group contains 1000 square miles, or 640,000 acres of productive land, to which there is only a population of 88,000. This population is mainly supported upon *poi*, a preparation of the root of the *kalo*, of a brown colour, but otherwise resembling in appearance beet. 'It is reared in small enclosures, which, with great care and labour, are embanked all round, and constantly covered with six or eight inches of water; for, like rice, the *kalo* will not flourish in dry land.' And so productive is the plant, that a single square mile is said to be capable of feeding 15,151 persons; or, in other words, the whole population might be subsisted on six square miles; and this by the labour of one twenty-fifth part of their number. Supposing, however, that every person, without distinction of age or sex, required half an acre, 'there would still remain, even on that liberal and extravagant supposition, about 600,000 acres for objects not immediately connected with the maintenance of the natives.' The value of the land may be imagined from the fact, that an acre yields an average of a ton and a-half of sugar; so that the whole country is capable of producing several times the quantity consumed in the United Kingdom. But it is the position of the islands which has made, or will make, their fortune. 'For all practical purposes, the Sandwich Islanders are on the direct route from Cape Horn to all the coasts of the Northern Pacific. With respect to Kamtschatka and the Sea of Ochotsk, this is evident at a glance; with respect to Japan, when its ports shall be opened, vessels will find their advantage, even without regard to refuge or refreshment, in deviating to the right of their straight course, in order to make the north-east trades above the equator as fair a wind as possible; and with respect to California, and the north-west coast, the apparently inconvenient deviation to the left is rendered not only expedient, but almost necessary, by the prevailing breezes which have just been mentioned. . . . But the group as naturally connects the east and the west, as the south and the north. Lying in the very latitude of San Blas and Macao, with an open sea in either direction, it crosses the shortest road from Mexico to China; while, considering its great distance to the westward of the new continent, but more particularly of its southern division, it may, without involving any inadequate sacrifice, be regarded as a stepping-stone from the whole of the American coast to the Celestial Empire. . . . The position of the Archipelago, as just described, is the more valuable on this account—that it neither is, nor ever can be, shared by any rival. If one makes no account of the comparative vicinity of mere islets, which are worthless alike for refuge and refreshment, the Sandwich Islands form perhaps the most secluded spot on earth, being at least twice as far from the nearest land as the lonely rock of St Helena. . . . Already have the Sandwich Islands begun to be a common centre of traffic for some of the countries which they serve to link together. . . . When the ports of Japan are opened, and the two oceans are connected by means of a navigable canal, so as to place the group in the direct route between Europe and the United States on the one hand, and the whole of Eastern Asia on the other, then will the trade in question expand in amount

and variety, till it has rendered Woahoo the emporium of at least the Pacific Ocean for the products, natural and artificial, of every corner of the globe. Then will Honolulu be one of the marts of the world, one of those exchanges to which nature herself grants in perpetuity a more than royal charter.

It is melancholy to think, however, that this brilliant future is predicable only of the islands, not of the islanders. These are vanishing, as elsewhere, before the advance of civilisation. New luxuries have awakened new wants; and in order to satisfy these, the lower classes have been ground down by the chiefs to such a condition of starvation, that they have come to look upon their children as rivals and enemies. 'In 1824, Mr Stuart wrote thus:—"We have the clearest proof, that in those parts of the islands where the influence of the mission has not yet extended, two-thirds of the infants born perish by the hands of their own parents before attaining the first or second year of their age." Since then, the tyranny has been more in form of law, and regular taxes have taken the place of capricious exactions: but the effect remains the same. The diseases of Europe, and the depravity of the women, contribute likewise to thin the population; and the result is the extraordinary and pitiable spectacle of a nation rapidly vanishing from the face of the earth, 'because its ordinary wear and tear is not recruited from the ranks of a rising generation.' Our author's account of these interesting islands is the most intelligent and comprehensive we have yet received; although it certainly occupies a space singularly disproportioned to the general subject of the book, filling as it does more than a third of the second volume.

From the Sandwich Islands Sir George sailed for Sitka, the chief seat of the Russian-American Company, where he had a flying journey before him of five months through the dominions of the czar! Hitherto he has been in England. 'I have seen the English citizens of a young republic, which has already doubled its original territory, without any visible or conceivable obstacle in the way of its indefinite extension; I have seen the English colonists of a conquered province, while the descendants of the first possessors, however inferior in wealth and influence, have every reason to rejoice in the defeat of their fathers; I have seen the English posts, that stud the wilderness from the Canadian lakes to the Pacific Ocean; I have seen English adventurers, with that innate power which makes every individual, whether Briton or American, a real representative of his country, monopolising the trade, and influencing the destinies of Spanish California; and lastly, I have seen the English merchants and English missionaries of a barbarian Archipelago, which promises, under their care and guidance, to become the centre of the traffic of the east and the west, of the new world and the old.' Thus England and Russia, with the sole exception of the Swedish peninsula, girdle the globe together. But Sir George, we apprehend, miscalculates the grandeur of the latter country, by far the greater part of which is a desert.

Our traveller at length bade a final adieu to the American continent, and sailed for Ochotsk. During the voyage he learned 'that whales of huge size, some of them a hundred and twenty feet in length, are extremely numerous in the Sea of Kamtschatka and about the Aleutian islands, and that they are frequently killed by the natives by means of spears and arrows shod with stone. As these whales are by far too large to be dragged to land by the savages, the plan is merely to wound the monster as seriously as possible, and then to trust to the winds to strand him in a few days. On or before the third day he generally dies, for however powerful to resist his persecutors at the moment of attack, the whale, when wounded, is by no means tenacious of life in proportion to his size and strength.' The pursuit of the otter is likewise a great resource of the natives. 'It is not uncommon for the Aleutians to make long voyages in their small baidarkas, often going fifty or sixty miles

from land to hunt the sea-otter. For this purpose they keep together in fleets of perhaps a hundred baidarkas each. Proceeding in calm weather to some spot known to be a favourite haunt of the animal, they form their little vessels, end to end, in a line; and as soon as any symptoms of the game are perceived, a single canoe approaches, while, if all is right, one of its two inmates holds up his paddle as a signal for the others to range themselves in a circle round the spot. Meanwhile, the creature must rise to breathe; and no sooner does he show his nose, than off fly the arrows of the nearest hunters. If he escapes, as is generally the case, from the first attack, another ring is formed round the place where he may be expected again to appear; and so the process is continued, till the victim is exhausted and destroyed. All these movements are executed with an incredible degree of silence, the hunters being so skilful as to prevent even the dip of the paddles from being heard by the object of their pursuit. These distant expeditions are not unattended with danger. The baidarka, being merely a frame of bones with a covering of skins, cannot withstand the action of the water for many days together; and if it springs a leak, or is otherwise injured, its tenants have nothing but certain and immediate death before them, for no other vessel can take more than its own complement on board; and calling their comrades around their sinking craft, they send kind messages to their wives and families, and then lie down to die without a single effort at self-preservation.' These hardy people meet the fate of other 'natives.' 'The Aleutian islands are now far less valuable than they once were. The human inhabitants hardly muster one to ten of their early numbers, having been thinned, and thinned, and thinned again—for here there is no mystery in the case—by hardships and oppression. They were ground down through the instrumentality of the natural wealth of their country; they experienced the same curse in their fur-seal and their sea-otter, as the Hawaiians in their sandal-wood, and the Indians of Spanish America in their mines of silver. To hunt was their task; to be drowned, or starved, or exhausted, was their reward. Even now, under better auspices and more humane management, the Aleutians are, in every respect, servants of the Russian-American Company, acting as labourers at the establishments, and as hunters throughout the whole country from Behring's Straits to California, while they almost entirely feed and clothe themselves without obtaining supplies.' Nor is Kamtschatka better off. 'The favourite maxim of most of the public officers, great and small, in Siberia, is, that "God is high, and the emperor far off;" and of this watchword the Kamtschadales are sure, from their unfortunate place on the map, to enjoy the fullest benefit.' So far from making a profit by this oppression, the emperor loses; paying five thousand roubles a-year beyond the amount of the local revenue to the persons who take the trouble of plundering his subjects.

'The Sea of Ochotsk is completely land-locked, being in this respect, as well as in size and general situation, not unlike Hudson's Bay. The waters are shallow, not exceeding, about fifty miles from land, an equal number of fathoms; and rarely giving, even in the centre, above four times the depth just mentioned.' The population of the town of Ochotsk 'is about eight hundred souls, though, forty years ago, it amounted, according to Langsdorff's estimate, to about two thousand. The diminution is ascribed, and with great appearance of truth, to the circumstance, that the town has since then been supplanted as a penal colony by the mines—a change which the neighbourhood has had no reason to regret; for the convicts, always the worst of their class, were continually escaping, to prey on the public, like so many wild beasts. A more dreary scene can scarcely be conceived. Not a tree, and hardly even a green blade, is to be seen within miles of the town; and in the midst of the disorderly collection of huts is a stagnant marsh, which, unless when frozen, must be a

nursery of all sorts of malaria and pestilence. The climate is at least on a par with the soil. Summer consists of three months of damp and chilly weather, during great part of which the snow still covers the hills, and the ice chokes the harbour; and this is succeeded by nine months of dreary winter, in which the cold, unlike that of more inland spots, is as raw as it is intense. Sir George saw little of the people of this dreary place. In summer, if the weather be fine, a dread of the noxious vapours of the marsh keeps them at home; and if the weather be not fine, then the rain and wind have the same effect. In winter, the cold of course is too severe for frequent exposure; although walking in snow-shoes a trifle of eighty or ninety miles a-day is esteemed a recreation by the gentlemen.

Leaving Ochotak, they set forth in a caravan, under the guardianship of some of the Yakuti tribe, for Yakutsk. 'If there is anything in earth or air more formidable to these poor fellows than a Cossack, it is the "Spirit of the Forest"—a personage invested, in their imagination, with almost unlimited power, whether for good or for evil. In the branches of the trees along the road were suspended numberless offerings of horse-hair, the gift being probably selected as an emblem of what the giver valued most; the extemporaneous songs seemed to be dictated by the hope of conciliating the great unknown; and at supper, the first spoonful was invariably thrown into the fire, to purchase a sound sleep from the genius of the place. As every locality has its own elf, the Yakuti, when on a journey, have no respite—soothing one object of terror after another, and only multiplying their tormentors as they increase their speed.' On their way through this remote nook of Asia, they were constantly meeting with numerous travellers and rich caravans, although some such scene as the following occasionally reminded them that they were not exactly within the precincts of civilisation:—'While crossing a point of woods, we were surprised to hear loud shouts from some party a-head of us. Our Yakuti, however, returned the cries, while our horses, apparently as intelligent in the matter as their owners, grew very restive. To increase our perplexity, the fellows who had begun the commotion were now seen, still vociferating as loudly as ever, with a band of cattle scampering wildly before them; and our curiosity was soon tinged with fear, when we observed our attendants making ready their knives for some desperate work. We did not know what to make of all this, till at length we perceived a huge she bear and her cub making off, apparently as much frightened as any of us, at a round trot. We now ascertained that the bears are both fierce and numerous on this road; and as the natives have no firearms, they let Bruin get pretty much his own way, excepting that they do sometimes propitiate him, as if he were himself the "Spirit of the Forest," by all sorts of grimaces and obeisances. Two horses had been killed in the neighbourhood only the day before, very probably by the same animal that had caused the present alarm. Before the two brutes were out of sight, we passed the herd of cattle, the drivers riding the bulls with as much indifference as if they had been on horseback.'

The town of Yakutsk enjoys a temperature which keeps its cellars frozen all the year round, although for a short time in summer the thermometer stands at 106 degrees of Fahrenheit in the shade! It is, nevertheless, a great emporium both of the fur and ivory trade; the materials of the latter being the bones of an extinct animal preserved in the frozen soil of Eastern Siberia. 'Spring after spring, the alluvial banks of the lakes and rivers, crumbling under the thaw, gave up, as it were, their dead; and beyond the very verge of the inhabited world, the islands lying opposite to the mouth of the Yana, and, as there was reason for believing, even the bed of the ocean itself, literally teemed with these most mysterious memorials of antiquity. The ivory again fetches from forty to seventy roubles a pood, or from 1s. to 1s. 9d. a pound, according to its state of preser-

vation. The tusks are found to be fresher as one advances to the northward—a circumstance which seems to corroborate the notion that the climate has had something to do with their continued existence in an organic form. Though, in mere amount, this branch of commerce is of comparatively little value, yet it is well worthy of honourable mention, as having in a high degree promoted the progress of geographical discovery. It was in the eager pursuit of the bones of the mammoth that most of the northern islands were visited and explored—lands which, when taken in connection with their mysterious treasures, invest the Asiatic coast of the Arctic Ocean with an interest unknown to the corresponding shores of America.'

The voyage up the Lena was uneventful, unless a dance may be considered worthy of record. 'The music was the screeching of some half-dozen old women; and the floor was occupied by only one man and one woman at a time. First, the lady would endeavour to escape from her lover with an amusing display of coyness and coquetry; and then the gentleman, in his turn, would draw off, while his mistress would strive, by every winning way, to coax the truant back again. At the conclusion of each dance, the fair performer gave me three kisses, conferring the same favour on each of the other strangers, excepting that our Cossack appeared to me to get, or perhaps to take, a double dose. All the people, whether drunk or sober, carried their civility to excess, kissing my hand frequently, and even the ground on which I had been standing, and showering on me their perpetual benediction of "May you never want bread and salt!"' Farther on, the travellers suffered a little from hunger and cold; 'for we had started in the heat of the day, without shoes, and with no other clothes, in fact, than our shirts and trousers. The peasants, taking pity on our forlorn state, made a grand fire for us, and offered us a share of their own supper, which consisted of black bread, a little salt, and a dish of cold water, which, that it might look as like soup as possible, was taken with a spoon. Immense piles of the unsavoury cakes rapidly disappeared; and each person, as he finished his meal, bowed to some images that stood against the wall of the best room, of which the door was open.' It is worthy of remark that on the banks of the Lena nettles are cultivated as greens for the table.

Irkutsk, the metropolis of Eastern Siberia, 'presented a fine appearance, with its fifteen churches and their spires, its convents, its hospitals, and its other public buildings. But this favourable impression vanished as we approached; and we were disappointed at seeing so little bustle in the wide streets, and so many edifices going to decay.' From this place Sir George had looked forward to a trip to Kiachta and Maimatchin, the Chinese and Russian outposts, where the traffic between the two countries is carried on; but, for some reason not clearly explained, his design was frustrated.

Beyond Irkutsk, they found themselves in the midst of the convict population of Siberia, with whom the native peasants contrasted favourably. 'Not only are the peasants of Siberia remarkable for their civility, but all grades of society are decidedly more intelligent than the corresponding classes in any other part of the empire, and perhaps more so than in most parts of Europe. The system on which Siberia has been, and continues to be colonised, is admirable alike in theory and in practice. The perpetrators of heinous crimes are sent to the mines; those who have been banished for minor delinquencies are settled in villages or on farms; and political offenders, comprising soldiers, authors, and statesmen, are generally established by themselves in little knots, communicating to all around them a degree of refinement unknown in other half-civilised countries.'

'The villages are very numerous, not only on the road, but as far back on either side as we could see; and the people all looked healthy, comfortable, and happy. In any place where the post-house was out of

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repair, our police officer used to pounce on the best house for our use; and as the owners would neither make any demand nor accept any remuneration, we were generally obliged to compromise the matter by forcing a small gift on the host's wife or daughter. The dwelling in which we breakfasted to-day was that of a person who had been sent to Siberia against his will. Finding that there was only one way of mending his condition, he worked hard, and behaved well. He had now a comfortably-furnished house and a well-cultivated farm, while a stout wife and plenty of servants bustled about the premises.' Sir George considers Siberia 'the best penitentiary in the world.' 'When not bad enough for the mines, each exile is provided with a lot of ground, a house, a horse, two cows, and agricultural implements, and also, for the first year, with provisions. For three years he pays no taxes whatever; and for the next ten, only half of the full amount. To bring fear as well as hope to operate in his favour, he clearly understands that his very first slip will send him from his home and his family, to toil, as an outcast, in the mines.' The mines and washeries, however, for which there is now a mania, are unfavourable to the settlement and cultivation of Siberia; although it is supposed they will ultimately support the agriculture they now embarrass, by affording a regular and extensive market for its produce.

The fine old city of Tobolsk, the ancient capital of Siberia, is admirably situated on two sides of the Irtysh; but its buildings present a melancholy spectacle of dilapidation and decay, and the population and trade are rapidly diminishing, in consequence of the general government of the province being transferred to Omok. From this place a single chapter brings the traveller to London, his journey round the world having been accomplished within the space of nineteen months and twenty-six days. We now close these interesting volumes, in the belief that the extracts we have made will induce all who have it in their power to refer to the book itself.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

MANY writers, the poets especially, have loved to dwell upon the subject of natural music—to trace it even in the inanimate creation—expatiating on it by the way with a reverent gladness that is quite contagious. But it is chiefly among the little feathered musicians, for which our island is so famous, that they have found their choicest examples of melody; and from the saucy chirrup of the sparrow, to the exquisite trill of the 'bird forlorn' taken as the subject of the present paper, the note of almost every bird that flies has been instanced as illustrative of endearment, joyousness, sorrow, or wo—in short, of all the manifold shades of feeling, according to the mood of the writer. Honest old Isaac Walton, with his keen relish of nature, says, 'But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"'

The nightingale belongs to the *genus*, warbler: its general appearance, resembling that of the lark, is familiar to most persons. It is, however, somewhat larger than the latter bird, being nearly seven inches in length. All over northern Europe, its name is characteristic of the period at which it sings; but in the south, rather of its music and colour. Our present appellation is derived from the Saxon—*night*, and *galan*, to sing; or the night-singer. Nightingales are natives of warm climates. They are never found in Europe during the winter, but

in the summer are met with as far north as Siberia and Kamschatka. Their habits are peculiar, for, without any apparent cause, they frequent one country or district in great numbers, while in the parts immediately adjacent none are ever seen. They are abundant in Germany, and rare in Holland; and are altogether unknown, except by name, in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It is, however, worthy of remark, that the ancient Britons had a name for the nightingale. In England, the birds appear to confine themselves to particular places, being seldom heard farther north than Yorkshire; and in the west, avoiding the counties of Devon and Cornwall. The people in some parts of the country pretend to account for this peculiarity by saying, that where there are no cowslips there are no nightingales. They are also said to sing better in some counties than in others. Bird-fanciers in the metropolis prefer the birds taken in Surrey to those of Middlesex.

In common with the cuckoo, the nightingale begins to sing immediately after its arrival in April. We read in Warton—

'The nightingale, so soon as April bringeth
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late bare earth proud of new clothing springeth,
Sings out her woes.'

In June, the magic voice becomes hoarse and discordant, and in that month the birds cease their song. The males come first, and during the first fortnight are much sought after by trappers, as it is difficult to rear them with success after they have once paired. They generally choose a cheerful aspect for their nests, and, if possible, near water. They build on the lower branches of shrubs and bushes, sometimes on a tuft of grass, or on the ground, and lay five or six greenish-brown eggs. For a long time it was believed that the singing of the males was chiefly to divert the female during the period of incubation, which lasts about three weeks; but, according to modern naturalists, their song is the natural result of an intense love of harmony; and it appears to be certain that they possess an ardent spirit of emulation. 'Oh, nightingale!' writes Wordsworth—

'Oh, nightingale! thou surely art
A creature of a fiery heart:
These notes of thine, they pierce and pierce—
Tumultuous harmony and fierce.'

Whatever may be the vocal excellencies of other birds, they are all united in the nightingale; and philosophers have vied with poets in praise of the delicious music. Much, however, depends upon its being heard in the absence of the sun, when no other sound disturbs the solemn quietude that falls upon the country. Shakespeare, who makes Antony call Cleopatra 'his nightingale,' says—

'The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.'

Belon, an old French writer, observes in quaint language, 'Can there be a man so deprived of judgment, as not to take admiration in hearing such melody come out of the throat of such a little wild bird? And knowing so proud a voice, such resounding music issues from so small a tube, that human industry cannot approach it. But besides this, the better the nightingale is, the more pertinently doth he persevere in his song without weariness or giving up the enterprise: life, in sooth, would fail him sooner than voice.' Belon seems to have anticipated certain expressions in Crashaw's splendid poem, 'Music's Duel,' where the nightingale trails

'Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song: then doth she point it
By short diminutives,
That from so small a channel should be raised
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety.'

Buffon, in his natural history of this bird, says in eloquent language, 'When this Coryphaeus of the spring prepares to sing the hymn of nature, he begins with a

timid prelude, and feeble, almost undecided tones, as though he wished to try his instrument, and interest the listener. But gaining confidence, he gradually becomes warm and animated, and displays in their fullness all the resources of his incomparable organ: brilliant throat-notes; light and lively trills; volleys of music, in which the precision equals the volubility; subdued interior murmurs, scarcely appreciable to the ear, but well adapted to set off the brilliance of the appreciable tones; sudden roulades, rapid and sparkling, articulated with the power and severity of perfect good taste; plaintive accents, cadenced with languor; sounds poured out without art, but filled with soul; sounds, enchanting and penetrating, genuine sighs of love and voluptuousness, which, issuing apparently from the heart, make every heart palpitate, and excite in all endowed with sensation the most soothing emotions and delicious languor.

In juxtaposition with the French philosopher's prose, we may place the verse of a Dutch poet, Loots, who says enthusiastically—

'Soul of living music! teach me,
Teach me, floating thus along;
Love-sick warbler! come, and reach me,
With the secrets of thy song.
How thy beak, so sweetly trembling,
On one note long-lingering tries—
Or a thousand tones assembling,
Pours the rush of harmonies.
Or—when rising shrill and shriller—
Other music dies away,
Other songs grow still and stiller—
Songster of the night and day;
Till—all sunk to silence round thee—
Not a whisper—not a word—
Not a leaf-fall to confound thee:
Breathless all—thou only heard:
Tell me—thou who faintest never,
Minstrel of the songs of spring!
Did the world see ages ever,
When thy voice forgot to sing?'

Attempts have frequently been made, but in vain, to note down the nightingale's melody. Bechstein fills nearly a page of his book with a number of incomprehensible-looking words, which he considers as conveying an idea of the sounds. One of our writers, however, comprises them in much smaller space, and pretends that the melody is contained in the following words: 'Sweet—sweet jug—jug sweet—sweet jug—pipe rattle—bell pipe—swat, swat, swat, swatty—water bubble—scroty—skeg, skeg, skeg—whitlow, whitlow, whitlow.' But the endeavour to reduce the 'complaining notes' to writing must always be futile. Yet there are instances on record of individuals who could produce so perfect an imitation by singing or whistling, that the birds themselves were deceived, and alighted on the mimic's shoulder.

Melancholy is supposed by the poets, probably on account of the associations of the hour at which the notes, wild and lively in themselves, are heard, to be the prevailing characteristic of the nightingale's song, and most writers dwell upon this imaginary sadness. Milton says—

'Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy;
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy evening song.'

The poet, who addresses one of his sonnets to the nightingale, seems, in fact, to have entertained a most eloquent love for the bird: he makes frequent mention of it in *Paradise Lost*; in their bower, Adam and Eve, 'lulled by nightingales, embracing slept;' and he tells us, in those touching lines on the loss of his sight, that he

—'feeds on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings dawning, and in shady covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note.'

In the latter lines we seem to have a reference to the solitary habits of the birds. They live much alone, arrive and depart singly, and, while pairing, seek the

most secluded places, into which they permit no intrusion; and on the occasions when they sing during the day, it is exceedingly difficult to detect the spot in which they are hidden.

The nightingale's voice may be heard over a circle of a mile in diameter, nearly the distance at which the human voice is audible. Possessed of such exquisite powers, they are much prized as cage-birds, but are not easily domesticated, owing to their delicate and sensitive nature. They are only to be reconciled to their imprisonment, by rendering their restraint as much as possible like liberty. They require to be treated with great tenderness; and if placed in an open cage, or in a northern aspect, they frequently worry themselves to death. But when accustomed to their captivity, they sing all the year through, except in the moulting season; and their music is then said, by a strange contradiction, to surpass that of their wild state. They may be taught to introduce variations into their song, and to take part in a chorus. In Aleppo, during the spring months, nightingales are hired by the evening to sing at concerts and other entertainments. It is, however, difficult to imagine that the singing can possess the same charm as when the birds are in perfect freedom, mingling their luscious notes with the leafy murmur of shady woods.

'How passing sad! Listen, it sings again!

Art thou a spirit, that, amongst the boughs,
The live-long day dost chant that wondrous strain,
Making woe Dian stoop her silver brows
Out of the clouds to hear thee? Who shall say,
Thou lovest one, that thy melody is gay?
Let him come listen now to that one note,
That thou art pouring o'er and o'er again
Through the sweet echoes of thy mellow throat,
With such a sobbing sound of deep, deep pain!'

The nightingale was little likely to be left out of the glorious mythology of the Greeks. According to the fable, Progne, daughter of Pandion, king of Athens, who was married to Tereus, king of Thrace, had a great desire to see her sister Philomela. To spare his wife the fatigue of a voyage to Athens, Tereus offered to go and bring the maiden to his court. He, however, became enamoured of her, and at the end of their journey committed such an outrage, that in order to prevent the crime from becoming known, he slit the fair Athenian's tongue, and kept her in close confinement. But she, working with her needle upon canvas, contrived to send intelligence to Progne, and in revenge the sisters killed Tereus' son Itys, and cooked the child's flesh for the father's dinner. Discovering what was done, he drew his sword to kill the guilty pair, when the gods appeared, and doomed Tereus to take the form of a vulture; Progne became a swallow, and Philomela was changed to a nightingale, to lament incessantly over her wrongs. Such is the origin of the popular belief that the nightingale's tongue is split.

It is a little remarkable, as the male bird only sings, that authors generally speak of the nightingale in the feminine gender; a sacrifice of zoological accuracy to poetical expression. A passage in Chaucer's poem, 'The Flower and the Leaf,' is a striking exception to the mournfulness so universally considered as characteristic of this bird. The contest is going on in the forest, when

'The nightingale with so merry a note
Answered him, that all the wood rung
So sojainly, that as it were a note
I stood astonished; so was I with the song
Thorow ravished, that till late and long,
I ne wist in what place I was, ne where;
And ayen me thought she song even by mine ere.'

Buffon relates an instance of a nightingale that lived seventeen years: it began to turn gray at the age of seven; at fifteen the quill-feathers of the wings and tail were entirely white, his legs were greatly increased in size, and the feet became gouty, and it was often necessary to clean and sharpen the upper half of his bill. There were no other appearances of age, for the bird, we are told, was always lively, always singing as in the

prime of his youth. So strong is the disposition of nightingales to migrate, that even when domesticated, they exhibit an extraordinary degree of restlessness at the migratory periods in spring and autumn. They are also said to manifest strong likings and dislikings, and to be so sensible of attachment, as to pine away and die on the death of any person with whom they have been familiar. Such is their horror of discordant sounds, that Belon, whom we have before quoted, says this feeling was taken advantage of to entrap them. A cat was fastened to a tree, and a string, tied tightly round some part of the animal, was carried to a distance along the ground; when the string was pulled, the cat squealed, and the nightingales flocking round in high indignation, were easily taken by bird-lime.

Many strange things have been recorded and spoken of the nightingale. From its singing all night, our forefathers considered its flesh to be a specific against drowsiness; and that if the heart and eyes were placed under the pillow of a person in bed, he would be unable to sleep; hence we find the nightingale adopted as the symbol of vigilance. Many curious lists of drugs and decoctions are to be met with in the works of old writers, the marvellous virtues of which would incite the birds to sing. Chaucer again tells us—

—“Howe lovris had a tokning,
And among hem it was a commune tale,
That it were gode to here the nightingale
Moche rather than the luede cuckoo sing.”

Among other singular freaks, nightingales were said to rear only such of their young as displayed any musical talent. Most readers have heard of the famous dish of every talking and singing-bird known at the period, prepared at a cost of nearly £7000, for the tragedian Claudius Esopus, and of the feast of nightingales' tongues provided for Heliogabalus. A white nightingale, valued at six thousand sesterces, was once presented by the Empress Agrippina to one of her friends. According to Pliny, some nightingales belonging to the two sons of the Emperor Claudius spoke Greek and Latin, and made new phrases every day to divert their masters; and Gesner gives an account of two others belonging to an innkeeper at Ratisbon, which conversed all night in German on the politics of Europe. He takes care, however, to qualify the story, by adding that the birds did no more than repeat at night the conversations they had heard during the day: even with this qualification, the tale remains sufficiently marvellous. Attempts have frequently been made to naturalise the nightingale in places to which it was a stranger. A gentleman near Swansea procured a supply of eggs from England, and distributed them among the nests of birds in that neighbourhood in the hatching season; but although the nightingales were contented to remain in their new locality during the first summer, they never returned to it in subsequent years. A similar experiment, which equally failed, was tried by Sir John Sinclair in Scotland.

In Moscow, the bird-fanciers keep large numbers of nightingales for sale; the average price is fifteen roubles. They are so abundant in Warsaw, that the streets are filled with their music. In some parts of Europe they are still fattened for the table; but the man who could relish a nightingale must have a strangely-perverted appetite. In Prussia, any person keeping one in a cage becomes liable to a tax.

The nightingale, although timid, is not suspicious, and is easily deceived by decoys, and captured. ‘The nightingale-catcher,’ says Mr Jesse, ‘is generally a stealthy, downcast vagabond, most justly detested by all owners of groves, plantations, and hedgerows, possessing any good taste, within twenty miles of the metropolis. I knew one of these men who passed much of his time in the spring in the pretty lanes of Buckinghamshire, trapping the “merry nightingales” as they

like a veteran poacher; in which occupation, I was informed, he was very expert. . . . I have seen a nightingale, a few days after it was caught, take its food out of his lips; but he kept his method of taming a secret. . . . Poor fluttering bird,’ continues the writer quoted, after recording a successful capture, ‘your large dark eye is full of fear and misery, and your tender frame can ill sustain those desperate but ineffectual struggles for liberty. And what must be the sensations of the captive? for surely such a marvellous creation must have sensations and feelings somewhat more acute than those of the vulgar sparrow, or the pert chaffinch, and more akin to its nature and worth.’

HOUSEHOLD SURGERY.

In a recent number of the Journal, at the suggestion of a correspondent, we published, in more minute and practical detail than usual, the formula of treatment of the apparently drowned; and at a season of the year when so many plunge into the water for health, and so many more for pleasure, the memorandum may perhaps be found of some utility. But at all seasons of the year there are emergencies of various other kinds occurring, in which a little knowledge, and the coolness and presence of mind that accompany a consciousness of knowledge, may be of essential service; and we are well pleased to see that a surgeon of standing and character has now come forward to enlighten non-professionals as to what ought to be done, and the best way to do it, in the absence of the doctor.* Mr South sets out by advising us to get the doctor always when we can; but it is vain to preach upon this text. There are hundreds of accidents and complaints that have been the property of old women, and other amateurs, from all antiquity, and that never by any chance get into the hands of the regular practitioner till the others have coddled them up into something worth his while. It is of great importance, therefore, to bring this home-practice under the laws of science; and in sifting out from Mr South's collection, as we are about to do, the cases that most frequently occur, together with the treatment he recommends, so far from desiring to set up for a Goody Buchan on our own account, we design to call the attention of our readers to a useful and sensible book, which they will do well to make acquaintance with.

Let us first look into the home-doctor's shop. Poultries were treated as matters of consequence by Abernethy, who described them as of two kinds—the evaporating or local tepid bath, and the greasy. Tepid bathing, by means of a poultice, he held to be the most soothing of all local applications, but effective only when the patient is kept in bed. To make it—‘Scald out a basin, for you can never make a good poultice unless you have perfectly boiling water; then having put in some hot water, throw in coarsely-crumbled bread, and cover it with a plate. When the bread has soaked up as much water as it will imbibe, drain off the remaining water, and there will be left a light pulp. Spread it, a third of an inch thick, on folded linen, and apply it when of the temperature of a warm bath.’ The drying of this poultice is not a defect, as our worthy grandmother supposes, but the very thing that is wanted—the proof of evaporation; and as this goes on, warm water must be dropped upon it, to keep up the action. Poppy, carrot, and horse-radish poultices are all bad: the juice only of these substances should be mixed, when wanted, with the bread poultice. ‘The linseed-meal or greasy poultice is, on the same authority, to be made in the following manner:—Get some linseed powder, not the common stuff, full of grit and sand. Scald out a basin; pour in some perfectly boiling water; throw in the powder, stir it round with

* Household Surgery, or Hints on Emergencies. By John F. South, one of the Surgeons to St Thomas's Hospital. London: Cox. 1847.

“Answered and provoked each other's song.”

He was a hard-featured, uneducated man, looking very

a stick, till well incorporated; add a little more water, and a little more meal; stir again, and when it is about two-thirds of the consistence you wish it to be, beat it up with the blade of a knife till all the lumps are removed. If properly made, it is so well worked together, that you might throw it up to the ceiling, and it would come down again without falling to pieces; it is, in fact, like a pancake. Then take it out, lay it on a piece of soft linen, spread it the fourth of an inch thick, and as wide as will cover the whole inflamed part; put a bit of hog's-lard in the centre of it, and when it begins to melt, draw the edge of the knife lightly over, and grease the surface of the poultice. The irritating poultice, to be used in cases where a blister is unnecessary or inconvenient, is made simply of mustard and water, mixed as if for the dinner-table, and put within the folds of a piece of fine muslin, so that only the watery part, oozing through, touches the skin. When this poultice is removed, the part should be sponged with warm water, and then gently dried with a soft kerchief. In the case of a child, it should be taken off in two or three minutes after the skin reddens. Cold poultices are disapproved.

'Fomentations are warm fluids, applied for the purpose of encouraging perspiration on the skin, and thereby to diminish inflammation, and to render the skin yielding, so that the swelling which accompanies inflammation may be less painful, by the greater readiness with which the skin yields than when it is harsh and dry.' The usual practice, therefore, of rubbing, dabbing, or pressing, is improper. The patient must be as well defended as possible from exposure to wet, by having something placed under him; and then a piece of thick flannel, or blanket, after being saturated in the warm fomentation, is to be instantly wrung, and laid liberally on the part of the body affected, and covered with oiled silk or a jack-towel, to keep in the warmth. This process is to be repeated every ten minutes or so, for hours if necessary. The foot or hand may be fomented by mere immersion, the heat of the fluid to be kept up by the addition, from time to time, of more which is hot. Warm water makes of course the readiest fomentation, and is generally the best.

The object of lotions (or washes) 'is to lessen the inflammatory condition of a part by diminishing its increased heat, which is one of the signs of inflammation; and they are of two kinds—cooling, and stimulating. The cooling lotion acts by means of evaporation, and should be applied by dipping a single piece of linen in the wash, and laying it upon the part, which of course is to be kept uncovered. As the evaporation goes on, the linen is to be kept moist with the lotion by means of a sponge. A spirit wash is made of half a gill of spirits of wine, or a whole gill of ardent spirits, to a pint of water; and a vinegar wash, by mixing one-fourth of vinegar with three-fourths of water. In case of severe pain, a tablespoonful of laudanum may be added to a pint of lotion. 'Stimulating washes are employed for encouraging sluggish sores to heal. They are usually applied by dipping lint in them, which, being then put on the sore, is confined with a roller.' The black wash is the most valuable of this kind, and is composed of a drachm of calomel in half a pint of lime-water.

Liniments are chiefly used to remove swellings, and are applied by rubbing gently with the flat of the hand for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at a time. In the case of a large joint requiring the operation, the two hands are to be used, one at each side, and moved alternately up and down at the same time, making each hand travel half round the joint. One-third of hartshorn to two-thirds of oil make a good liniment for stiff neck and lumbago; another is an ounce of camphor rubbed down in four ounces of olive oil; and a third, called opodeldoc, is composed of three ounces of hard white soap and an ounce of camphor, put into a bottle with half a pint of spirits of wine, or other strong spirit, and as much water, and shaken from day to day till dissolved. But the best is the mustard liniment, made of 'an ounce of

fresh flour of mustard put into a bottle with a pint of spirits of turpentine, and shaken daily for two or three days.' After this, the liquid is fit to be decanted for use; and its advantage is, that it may be made to act slightly or severely, according to the length of time it is rubbed: to tickle, prickle, or smart the patient, or take off his skin, whichever he likes.

Ointments are of use merely to protect wounds from their coverings, from the air, and from filth, and the simpler they are the better. The common dressing for a blister 'consists of a quarter of an ounce of white wax, three-quarters of an ounce of spermaceti, and three ounces of olive oil, melted together.' Elder-flower ointment, for anointing the face and neck when sunburnt, 'is made of fresh elder-flowers stripped from the stalks, two pounds of which are simmered in an equal quantity of hog's-lard till they become crisp, after which the ointment, whilst fluid, is strained through a coarse sieve.' Plasters may be bought in the roll, and spread at home with a hot knife, when the parties are far from the druggist's shop.

We now come to the operations of household surgery, beginning with bleeding and blistering. The best mode of bleeding to be adopted by an unprofessional person is by cupping, which is easily learned, although we have no room for the directions. In the absence of a proper instrument, a common cup, or a tumbler (if of a bellying shape, so much the better), may be turned down upon the part, after the air has been rarefied with lighted jow or paper. The skin rises into this, and is afterwards to be wounded with a lancet or sharp knife in half-a-dozen places. When leeches are inconveniently fastidious in their appetite, the skin may be scratched with a needle-point till the blood comes, which will generally be irresistible. A warm bread-and-water poultice, renewed every half hour, is better for encouraging the bleeding than sponging with warm water. Bleeding in the arm with a lancet is a delicate operation, owing to the neighbourhood of the great artery, and must be learned from a regular practitioner. It is, besides, in much less use than formerly after common accidents—such as a fall or a blow. The chief thing to be attended to in blistering is, that the plaster should never be suffered to remain on a child under ten years of age longer than till the skin has become well inflamed, which will be in three or four hours at most; and that if any of the disagreeable effects of blisters are feared, they may be easily avoided by covering the plaster before application with tissue paper.

The convulsion fits that so frequently carry off children are usually caused by the constitutional disturbance incidental to their cutting their teeth; and the 'remedy, or rather the safeguard, against these frightful consequences is trifling, safe, and almost certain, and consists merely in lancing the gum covering the tooth which is making its way through. Lancing the gum is very easily managed; and any intelligent person, after seeing it done once or twice, will do it very effectually. Cline taught a mother of a family to do this; and after lancing her children's gums she never lost another, at least from that cause; for, so soon as the teething symptoms appeared, she looked for the inflamed gum, lanced it, and they ceased. The operation is performed with a gum-bleam, the edge of which must be placed vertically on the top of the inflamed gum, and moved along, pressing firmly at the same time till the edge of the fleam grate on the tooth, and the business is finished.

'The best application for a bruise,' be it large or small, is moist warmth; therefore a warm bread-and-water poultice, or hot moist flannels, should be put on, as they supple the skin, so that it yields to the pressure of the blood beneath, and thereby the pain is lessened. In the case of a serious bruise, a dozen leeches may likewise be necessary, but only for an adult, and they may require to be repeated two or three times. With regard to the bruise technically called 'a black eye,' warm bathing and patience are the only remedies. For

the benefit of those who may feel tempted to do what usually gives rise to this 'accident,' the doctor merely repeats the advice given elsewhere 'to persons about to marry'—Don't.

An ordinary cut or chop with a knife, chisel, axe, &c. even if it severs a finger or a toe, is only dangerous to the irritable or intemperate. 'The corresponding edges of the wound are to be brought together as perfectly as possible, and while thus held, some strips of plaster are to be laid across the wound, with small spaces between every two, so as to allow the escape of an oozing fluid, which often continues for some hours. The edges of the wound should not be dragged tightly together, but merely kept in place by the plaster; and if the wound be in the finger, arm, toe, or leg, it is better that the ends of the plaster should not overlap.' If common sticking-plaster be not at hand, court-plaster will do; or thin bands of tow may be wrapped round the part, and smeared with gum-water. Or if nothing else is at hand, a bit of linen rag, by absorbing the blood, constitutes itself a plaster as the moisture dries. The dressing is to be left on for several days, unless the wound grow painful and throb; in which case it is to be taken off by the aid of warm water or a soft poultice. If the discharge is inodorous, straw-coloured, and creamy-looking, you may apply the plaster again; if otherwise, the wound must be poulticed till these wholesome signs appear. A bruised cut must be poulticed with bread and water to moderate the inflammation, and then with linseed meal, till new flesh grows instead of that which has been killed by the blow. The latter comes away in appearance like a piece of wetted buff-leather. Scratches are often fatal, in consequence of soap, pearl-ash, or flith of any kind getting into them, and should therefore be kept covered. Pricks with a thorn, &c. are likewise dangerous, occasionally producing locked jaw. Poulticing, leeching, &c. must be had recourse to if serious appearances occur; with a smart dose of calomel inwardly, and some hours after, castor oil.

When blood is coughed up, it is known to come from the lungs by its frothiness, if in small quantities, and its pure bright redness when more plentiful; and when vomited from the stomach, by its dark colour. In either case, all that non-professionals can do is to cup or bleed, and keep the patient cool in bed. When the discharge is from the lungs, the fainter he is the less danger. Bleeding from wounds is stopped by pressure on the part; or, if necessary, the ends of any little artery that may be severed, are to be tied with a thread; or when the bleeding is important and continued, the main artery that supplies the limb may be stopped till medical assistance is obtained: in the case of the arm, by pressing the thumb behind the middle of the collar-bone; and in the case of the leg, below the crease of the groin. When the bleeding is below the middle of the upper arm, or thigh, a stick tourniquet will answer the purpose. It is merely a handkerchief passed two or three times round the limb above the wound, and twisted as tightly as may be necessary by means of a stick.

Scalds and burns are frequently dangerous; and in them 'remember, that as it is always hoped the scald or burn is confined to inflaming or blistering the skin, it is of the utmost importance not to burst the blister by pricking it.' The clothes, if any, over the part must be cut away, but only so far as they will come easily. The patient, if severely injured, must be kept warm; and if he continues to shudder or shiver, a little hot wine and water, or spirits and water, should be administered. 'The object in treating scalds and burns is to keep up, for a time, the great heat or high temperature to which the injured part has been raised by the scalding or burning, and to lower this by degrees to the natural heat of the body. The best and readiest dry materials to be applied are flour, or cotton, or cotton-wadding; the wet are—spirits of turpentine, spirits of

wine or good brandy, lime-water and oil, lime-water and milk, milk alone, or bread-and-milk poultice; and all these wet applications must be made of sufficient warmth to feel comfortable to the finger, but not hot.' When the blisters become uneasy, after the lapse of perhaps from thirty to fifty hours (for the pain moderates in a few hours after the accident, unless it has been very severe), they must be carefully cut and dressed. The treatment of the opposite accident, frost-bite, is analogous. 'In restoring a frozen person, or a frost-bitten part, the object is directly the reverse—that is, to keep the cold, which by its exposure the body has acquired, and to withdraw it by slow degrees till the body has recovered its natural heat. If the person or part be brought suddenly into a hot room, or put in a warm bath, he or it will be killed outright. "The frozen person," says Chelius, "should be brought into a cold room, and after having been undressed, covered up with snow, or with cloths dipped in ice-cold water, or he may be laid in cold water so deeply, that his mouth and nose only are free. When the body is somewhat thawed, there is commonly a sort of icy-crust formed around it; the patient must then be removed, and the body washed with cold water mixed with a little wine or brandy; when the limbs lose their stiffness, and the frozen person shows signs of life, he should be carefully dried, and put into a cold bed in a cold room: scents, and remedies which excite sneezing, are to be put to his nose; air is to be carefully blown into the lungs, if natural breathing do not come on; clysters of warm water with camphorated vinegar thrown up; the throat tickled with a feather; and cold water dashed upon the pit of the stomach. He must be brought, by degrees, into rather warmer air, and mild perspirants, as elder and balm tea (or weak common tea), with Minderer's spirit, warm wine, and the like, may be given to promote gentle perspiration." Frost-bitten parts should be bathed or rubbed with cold water or snow.

For sprains, warm moist flannels applied to the part, and a bread-and-water poultice on going to bed, are recommended; but this, in our humble and unprofessional opinion, is only adapted to cases in which the patient thinks proper to look forward to weeks of such coddling. We have before now cured ourselves in a few hours of a severe sprain of the ankle-joint, attended with swelling, by fomentations of water as hot as we could bear them.

'Broken limbs should not be set, as it is called—that is, bound up with roller, splints, and pads—for the first three or four days, as for some hours after the accident the part continues swelling, and if bandaged up tightly whilst this is going on, much unnecessary pain is produced; and if the bandages be not slackened, mortification may follow, which I have known to occur. It is best then, at first, only to lay the broken bone in as comfortable a posture as possible, and nearly as can be in its natural direction; and it may be lightly bound to a single splint, merely for the purpose of keeping it steady. The arm, whether broken above or below the elbow, will lie most comfortably half-bent upon a pillow. The thigh or leg will rest most easily upon the outer side, with the knee bent.' In the case of broken ribs, a flannel or linen roller, about six yards long and two hands'-breadth wide, must be wound tightly round the chest. Bleeding should not be had recourse to, unless the patient complains of pain, or is troubled with cough. 'The bowels should be cleared with a purge, and twenty drops of antimonial wine, with a teaspoonful of syrup of poppies in a glass of water, given three or four times a-day. After a few days, the person will find himself much more comfortably sitting up than lying in bed.' But the special treatment differs so much as regards the different parts broken, that we can only refer generally to Mr South's book.

A dislocation is reduced by the limb being returned to its place from which it has slipped out; and the chief difficulty lies in the instinctive or involuntary resistance made by the patient. A great part, therefore,

of the operator's dexterity consists in his putting the sufferer off his guard at the critical moment.

Having already described the treatment in a case of stifling by drowning, we shall now only say on this subject, that when the catastrophe occurs by hanging, there is little or no hope after a few minutes' suspension. The body should be stripped, dashed with cold water, blood should be taken from the arm, and stimulating liniments rubbed perseveringly on the chest.

Choking, by attempting to swallow too large a piece of food, may usually be overcome by taking large draughts of water, and making great efforts to swallow. Sometimes, if a bone or pin be near the top of the throat, it may be got out by pushing the finger far down, and hooking it up with the nail. But if below the reach of the finger, the best thing to try for immediate relief is to take some crust of bread, or some hard apple into the mouth, chew it coarsely, get down two or three mouthfuls without swallowing it completely, and then to swallow quickly three or four gulps of water, which acts like a rammer to the bread, and forcing it against the bone or pin, not unfrequently carries it down into the stomach, and there the matter ends. The buttons and other small matters a child sometimes swallows are rarely attended by any troublesome consequences, although the source of so much alarm to parents.

We have now run through this most useful volume; but although the passing hints we have collected from it will be advantageous of themselves to many of our readers, we are in hopes that they will only stimulate another class to possess themselves of the work.

DWELLINGS FOR THE WORKING-CLASSES.

THE attention which is now being paid by the richer classes to the physical wants, the social and domestic comforts, and consequently the moral and intellectual advancement of the humbler and labouring portion of society, is one of the distinctive and most pleasing characteristics of the present day. The efforts making, in and out of parliament, by public bodies and private individuals for the sanitary improvement of towns—the working population in which, in their crowded and ill-ventilated dwellings, are influenced now by domestic annoyances, noxious odours, and demoralising circumstances, the evil tendencies of which cannot be over-estimated—are a very gratifying practical result of the spirit which now prevails. In Liverpool, much is doing, or is about to be done, in the right direction; but if we cross the Mersey, and take a walk through Birkenhead, we find that much has been done. The public parks, the wide streets, the attention to drainage and sewerage, all bespeak an attention and foresight much to be commended; but the cottages erected by the Birkenhead Dock Company for the residences of the workmen, will long remain as monuments of the commencement of a new era, which, we trust, will bring with it health, happiness, comfort, and comparative wealth, to the industrious people of this country. These cottages are built near the foot of Bidston hill, overlooking Wallasey marsh, and adjoining the upper end of the great dock at Birkenhead. At a distance, they have a strong and very imposing appearance. The buildings are erected on the plan of the houses in Scotland, each tenant occupying a 'flat'; and as they are four storeys in height, eight families are accommodated in each house. Of course there is a common staircase for the use of the eight families; but the stairs once ascended, each residence is quite distinct. Most of the cottages consist of three apartments—a kitchen and two bedrooms. The kitchen is fitted up with a grate, oven, &c. There is also a small scullery, containing sink-stone, water-pipe, with the water constantly on, bunker for coals, shelves, &c. Adjoining is a water-closet, through which, to prevent offensive effluvia, all water from the pipe and sink-stone passes; and there is a dust-hole in each scullery, into which sweepings, cinders, and all rubbish may

be brushed, the occupants having no further trouble with them. The bedrooms are supplied with iron bedsteads and wash-stands. Each room has a ventilator at the bottom and top; and the windows are so constructed, that they can be easily opened for the further admission of air. There is also a cupboard in every cottage, and all the apartments are neatly papered, painted, and fitted up with shelving, iron hooks for clothes, &c. The building is fire-proof, there being no possibility of the fire in one flat extending. In fact, beyond consuming the furniture in the flat, little damage could be done to the building by any fire which broke out. The roof of each house is flat, and covered with asphalt. It is also surrounded by a parapet wall several feet high, and will form an excellent playground for children, who will thus be placed beyond the danger of accidents from horses and carts. It may also be used for the drying of clothes; and the workmen, at the close of their day's labour, may, in the summer time at least, pleasantly spend an hour or two in smoking their pipes, in reading, or in enjoying the extensive prospect before them. The rent of a cottage on the top storey is 3s. 9d. a-week; on the third storey, 4s.; on the second, 4s. 3d.; and on the first, 4s. 6d. There are cottages with two apartments, the lowest rent of which class is 2s. 6d.; and others of four rooms, which of course are a little dearer. In all, there are about three hundred cottages already built. Between each pile of building there is a space of eighteen feet. When it is taken into consideration that there are no back premises from which any nuisance can arise, this may be considered a wide space; yet still, if there be any fault at all, this may be considered as one. If it were a rule that the space between each pile should not be less than the height of the buildings, it would be much better. As an improvement, however, upon the cellar and cottage residences of the crowded districts of this town, they are admirable.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

[We lately visited the Birkenhead Cottages, as they are called, and can testify that this is a correct description of them. Only one important circumstance is omitted—that the buildings are at such a distance from the mass of the town (upwards of a mile), that they are not as yet convenient houses for working-men connected with Birkenhead, and accordingly few of them are occupied. A gardener employed at his labour near the wayside stated the case to us briefly and justly, when he said, 'A working-man must live near his work.' As a necessary consequence of the paucity of inhabitants, no shops are yet opened at the place; and thus the few people who do live in the cottages are exposed to some inconvenience in obtaining the necessities of life. Owing to these circumstances, we fear that the cottages are for the present a failure. They can serve the contemplated end only when the town and its works come out to this place; and even after all, the men engaged at the works which now exist will remain unbenefited.]

The plan of the houses is, however, excellent. Perhaps no other can rightly be adopted for the dwellings of working-men in large towns, this being the only one which admits of a multitude being healthily placed on a comparatively small space. It is simply the *floor plan*, so prevalent in Paris and Edinburgh, and exemplified in the Temple Chambers and Inns of Court in London. It has its inconveniences, but is also attended by some advantages even for the middle classes; above all, one—that of requiring no ascent of stairs to pass from one apartment to another. Once in the house, you move about it with an ease and facility unknown to the occupants of those houses upon edge which constitute the bulk of the most modern streets and squares in London. For females, who seldom go abroad above once a-day, but who have occasion to pass from room to room every now and then, the convenience of the floor system is unspeakably great; and we should wonder that it had not been adopted long ago in London, did we not know how long it is before new habits are learned, or old pre-

judices overcome. For architectural effect, we may add, the floor system is infinitely preferable to that of narrow independent houses. It also abolishes, to shopkeepers, the monstrous inconvenience of having to take a house along with the place of business, whether it be needed or not.*

Whatever, then, be the success of the Birkenhead experiment, its utility as a model, and as showing what goodly dwellings can be furnished to the working-classes at a moderate charge, is very great. We hope, however, to see houses of this kind for the most part built in the very places heretofore occupied by unhealthy tenements. There a double good would be accomplished. Before such structures can be seen rising in many places, good harvests must have done their proper work in facilitating human labour. We may add, that before working-men can hope to attain houses at a ratio of rent not exceeding that of the middle classes, it will be necessary that some plan be adopted for securing the landlord in his returns. We have always been aware that insecurity in this respect was a means of greatly increasing rents to the working-classes; but we never knew till lately how high, in some instances, this increase is carried. A gentleman who takes charge of the incomes of a number of persons in humble life, lately adopted the plan of leasing for them a group of houses, insuring the payment of the rent. They were obtained at *thirty per cent.* below the usual rates. The extent to which honest and careful men thus suffer for the negligent and unworthy, is surely much to be deplored. Perhaps the evil might be in a great measure overcome, and a needful encouragement at the same time given to speculators, by a plan of mutual guarantee amongst operative tenants for the faithful payment of rents.]

COURTING IN FRENCH HOLLOW.

It is a pity that American fun, like Irish fun, has a patois of its own, which it is not a little difficult to understand. The patois, indeed, was originally part and parcel of the joke; but the best joke in the world will not bear a hundred times telling. In a book before us, just published in Philadelphia, called 'Streaks of Squatter Life,' there is a good deal of cleverness, and some genuine humour; but it is spoiled for the European palate by an impracticable dialect. Perhaps the following is the most readable article (with the exception of 'the Pre-emption Right,' an excellent tale, chiefly in good English, which is too long for our pages), and we give it to show how Jonathan 'progresses' in a kind of writing peculiar to American literature:—

'Courtin' is all slick enough when everybody's agreed, and the gal aint got no mischief in her; but when an

extensive family, old maids, cross daddy, and a romantic old mommy, all want to put thur fingers into the young uns dish of sweet doin's, and the gal's fractious besides, why, a fellar that's yearnin' arter matrimony is mity likely to git his fires dampened, or bust his biler.'

Thus reasoned Tom Bent to a select party of river cronies, who were seated around him upon the boiler deck of a Mississippi steamer, as she sped along one bright night in June, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bayou Teche. The subject was courtin', and on that particular question Tom was considered an oracle; for, besides having a strong penchant for the fair sex, he had run many risks to ingratiate himself in their affections. Tom was now fast falling into the sear and yellow leaf of bachelorism, and although he had vowed unalterable affection to at least one fair one in each town between the mouth and the rapids, he still remained in unblest singleness.

'How about that affar of your'n with old Fecho's gal in St Louis, Tom?' inquired one of the circle.

'What, that little French gal?' inquired Tom, with a grin. 'Well, that thar was a salty scrape, boys; and though the laugh is agin me thar, I'm blessed if I don't gin you the arcumtence.' So Tom squared himself for a yarn, wet his lips with a little corn juice, took a small strip of Missouri weed, and 'let out.'

'That gal of old Fecho's war about the pooteyst creatur, fur a foreigner, I ever took a *shute arter*; her eyes jest floated about in her head like a star's shadow on a Massissippi wave, and her model was as trim as the steamer Eagle; 'sides, her paddles wur the cleanest-shaped fixin's that ever propelled anythin' human, and her laugh rung like a challenge-bell on a "fast trip"—it couldn't be beat. She run into my affeshuns, and I couldn't help it. I danced with her at some on the balls in Frenchtown, and thar I gin to edge up and talk tender at her, but she only laughed at my sweet'nin'. Arter a spell, when I cum it strong about affeshun, and the necessity of towin' side and side together, she told me that her old daddy wouldn't let her marry an American! Ef I warn't snagged at this, I wouldn't say so. The old fellar wur a sittin' on a bench smokin' and lookin' on at the dance, and I jest wished him a hot berth for a short spell. "Well, Marie," said I, "ef I melt the old man down, will you gin in?"

"Oh," says she, "you so vair strong at do vat you call *coar*, I shall not know how to say von leetel no."

'So havin' fixed it all with her smooth as a full freight and a June rise, I drew up alongside of the old fellar, jest as he had cleared his chimney for a fresh draw of his pipe. Old Fecho had been a mountain trader, was strong timbered, not much the worse fur wear, and looked wicked as a tree'd bear. I fired up, and generated an inch or two more steam, and then blew off at him. "That's an onconscionable slick gal of your'n, mounser," says I, to begin with; and it did tickle his fancy to have her cracked up, 'cause he thought her creation's finishin' touch—so did I!

"Oui, sair," says old Fecho, "she vair fine leetel gal, von angel wizout do ving; she is, sair, mine only von fille."

"Well, she is a *scrounger*," answered I; "a perfect high pressure, and no dispute!"

"Vat you mean by him, eh? vat you call s-c-r-r-rouge, eh? vat is he, sair? My leetel gal no vat you call von s-c-r-r-rouge, sair!" and here old Fecho went off into a mad fit, jest as ef I'd called her bad names. I tried to put down his "safety-valve," but he would blow off his wrath, and workin' himself into a perfect fresshet of rage, he swore he would take the little gal off home; and I'm blessed ef he didn't. As soon as I eyed the old fellar startin', I got in his wake, and follered him, determined to find out whar he located; and arter an eternal long windin' through one street arter another, down he dived into French Hollow. Jest as he wur about to enter a house built agin the side of the hill, the old fellar heered my footsteps, and turnin' round in the darkness, he shouted—"Ah ha! von sneak Yankee

* A 'Suburban' correspondent of 'The Builder' proposes the introduction to the metropolis of the system which has been found to work so well in, and, in fact, in great measure to constitute, the northern 'City of Palaces,' Edinburgh. In London, as observed, persons not prepared to give more than L.30 a-year have no choice between the most paltry 'lath-and-plaster' cottages—so raw, damp, and undrained, and full of green wood, as to be little better than a domicile 'under the greenwood tree' itself—or unfurnished lodgings in houses not built for the purpose of accommodating separate families, and where the intermingling of the landlord and his lodgers is most unpleasant. In fact, in the metropolis itself, the great body of the middle classes are actually without appropriate or class dwellings altogether, for the green-wood cottages are suburban more than urban residences. The projector, however, in the meantime recommends that a handsome building, like those in the Temple, but with more domestic conveniences, should be erected in a convenient suburb, and let out in chambers; and the first experiment might be made in the following manner:—Let a builder of capital procure plans and elevation from a competent architect; and having found a suitable piece of land, announce that, as soon as he had the names of a sufficient number of parties willing to rent (say thirty sets of chambers), he would commence the first block. The subscription of parties, willing to engage for a year certain, would be filled up in a week. The Bank of England clerks would alone supply a score of tenants, and all the government offices a tithe of poor proud couples. Eventually, perhaps, the economy of a public kitchen and joint-stock cook might be arranged by some of the tenants on the club system.

doodel, vat call my leetel gall von s-c-r-r-r-ouger; I shall out you all up into von leetel piece vidout von whole."

"You know, boys, I aint easy skeer'd, but I own up that old fellar did kind a make me skeery; they told sich stories about the way he used to skin Ingins, that I gin to think it was about best to let him have both sides of the channel ef he wanted it, so I didn't darr go to see Marie fur a long spell. One day I felt a strong hankerin', and jest strolled along the holler to git a glimpse on her; and sure enough thar she wur, a-leanin' out the winder, smilin' like the mornin' sun on a sleepin' bayou. I sidled up to the house, and asked her ef I darr cum and sit up with her that evenin'. I told her I was jest fritterin' away all to nothin' thinkin' on her, and a small mite of courtin' would spur me up amazin'; and then I gin her sich a look, that she fluttered into consent as easy as a mockin'-bird whistles.

"Oh, oui, you shall come some time dis night, when mon pere is gone to de cabaret; but you must be vair quiet as von leetel rat, vat dey call de mouse, and go vay before he come back to de maison."

"In course I promised to do jest as she said. I kissed my hand to her, and said *adieu*, as the French say for good-by, and then paddled off to wait for night. I felt wuss than oneasy until the time arriv, and when it did git round, I gin to crawl all over. I swar I was a little skeered. Hows'ever, it warn't manly to back out now when the gal was expectin' me, so I started for the Hollow. I think a darker night was never mixed up and spread over this yearth. You remember, Bill, the night you steered the old Eagle square into the bank at Milliken's bend? well, it wur jest a mite darker than that! A muddy run winds along through the ravine whar the house stands, and I wur particularly near floppin' into it several times. A piece of candle in the winder lighted me to whar the little gal was awaitin', and when I tapped at the door below, she pattered down and piloted me up to the sittin'-room, whar we sot down and took a good look at each other. She looked pooty enough to tempt a fellar to bite a piece out on her. I had all sorts of good things made up to say when a chance offered, and here the chance wur, but cuss me ef I could get out the fust mutter. Whether it wur skeer at the idee of the old Frenchman, or a bilin' up of affeshun fur his darter that stuck my throat so tight, I'm unable to swar, but thar I wur, like a boat fast on a sand-bar, blowin' some, but makin' mity little head-way.

"Vat is de mattair wiz you, mounseer?" said Marie; "you look vair much like de leaf in von grand storm, all vhar wiz de shake!"

"Well," says I, "I do feel as ef I wur about to collapse a flue, or bust my biler, for the fact of the matter is, Marie, they say your old daddy's a tiger, and ef I get caught here, thar'll be suthin' broke—a buryin' instead of a weddin'; not that I'm the least mite skeered fur myself, but the old man might git hurt, and I should be fretted to do any sich a thing."

"Oh, mon amie, ne vair be fear fur him; he is von great, strong as vat you call de gentleman cow?—von bull. But, mon Dieu! what shall I do wiz you, suppose he come, eh? He vill cut you into bits all ovair!"

"But, my angel," ses I, "he sha'n't ketch me, fur I'll streak it like a fast boat the moment I hear steam from

his scape-pipe: the old man might as well try to catch a Mississippi catty with a thread-line, as get his fingers on me."

I had no sooner said so, than bang went the door below, and old Fecho, juicy as a melon, came feelin' his way up stairs, mutterin' like a small piece of fat thunder, and awarin' in French orfally. I know'd thar warn't much time to spare, so I histed the winder, and backed out. Jest as I was about to drop, Marie says to me—"Oh, mon Dieu! don't drop into de well!" and instantar shut the winder. My har riz on eend in a moment—"don't drop into the well!" I'll tell you what, boys, a souse into the Mississippi in ice time warn't half as cold as her last warnin' made me. It was so eternal dark, that I couldn't begin to tell which side of the buildin' I wur on, and that wur an all-important perticular, fur it wur jest three storeys high on one side, towards the Hollow, and it warn't only one on the side next the hill—in course, all the chances wur in favour of the well bein' on the low side. I'd gin all I had then to know which side was waitin' below fur me. I looked up, as I hung on, to see ef thar warn't a star shinin' somewhere, jest to give a hint of what was below; but they'd all put on thar nightcaps, and wouldn't be coaxed from under the kiver; then I'd look below, and listen, until I made sartin in my mind that I could hear the droppin' of water, somewhere about fifty feet below me! Old Fecho was a-tearin' through the room, and a-rippin' out French oaths, in an uncommon rapid manner, and declarin' that he knew some one had bin thar, fur he'd been told so. Two or three times he appeared to be a-rushin' for the winder, and the little gal would coax him back agin; and then he'd cuss de Yankee doodles, and grit his teeth most owdaciously. Well, ef I warn't in an oneasy situation all this time, then I'm more than human—my arms jest stretched out to about a yard and a-half in length, and gin to cramp and git orful weak. I couldn't, fur the life of me, think on any prayer I'd ever heerd: at last, jest as one hand was givin' way its hold, I thort of a short one I used to say when I was a younker, and mutterin'—"Here I drop me down deep, I pray the Lord my bones to keep!" I sot my teeth together, drew a long breath, shut my eyes, and let go!—Whiz!—r-r-r-ip!—bang! I went, as I supposed, about fifty feet; and didn't I holler, when I lit and rolled over, and the water soused all round me! "Murder! Oh, get me out! Oh-o-o-o, murder!" The people came a-rushin' out of their houses with lights, and sich another jargon of questions as they showered at me—askin', altogether, who'd bin a-stabbin' me? what wur the marter? and who'd hit me? I opened my eyes to tell 'em I'd fell from the third storey, and broke every bone in my body, when, on lookin' up, thar wur the old Frenchman and his darter grinnin' out of the top winder about ten feet above me! The fact wur, boys, I'd dropped out on the hill-side of the house, and jumped down jest four feet from whar my toes reached—I had lit on the edge of a water-pail, and it flowed about me when I fell over! Arter old Fecho told them the joke, they pretty nigh busted a-larin' at me. I crawled off, arter firin' a volley at old mounseer of the hardest kind of cusses; and from that day to this I han't gone a-courtin' in French Hollow!"

The present number of the Journal completes the seventh volume (now series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF SEVENTH VOLUME.

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